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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Suck

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THE ADOPTED CHILD.

"Faith, and it's on the bottle we'll bring it up—and ourselves, too!"

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No. 22 contains "The Missing Bridegroom," a sad and strange little love-story; "The Alderman's Daughter," a deliciously humorous short story, with love and comedy mingled in fair proportions; the conclusion of Arthur Lot's brilliant and original novelette, "At the Thousand Islands;" one of the cleverest pieces of work this popular writer has yet produced; and "July and January," a bright tale of two fiery loves that waned with the waning seasons. "Bent, Not Broken," draws toward its close, and the installment given in this number is one of strong interest and wonderful pathetic power. In the present issue, also, "Faith" develops unexpected dramatic strength, and the situation with which the tenth chapter closes is one of great and touching force. The number is unusually bright and fascinating. The price of FICTION is 10 cents a copy; \$4 a year.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

It has been said so often that the existence of Mormonism in the United States is "a blot on our civilization" that the words have grown meaningless to our ears. We accept the statement as a truth; but its enunciation does not in any way stir us; the sense of the phrase does not come home to us. Yet the words well describe the thing. Do you remember, when you were a school-boy, how hard you labored to make a clean sheet of your poor pot-hooks and hangers for the teacher's eye, and with what disgusted and despairing rage you viewed the round black spot that fell from your pen upon the paper just as the last laborious line was completed? Very well; the case is similar. Here are we, a young nation, trying hard to make a fair copy of our record for the eyes of the world, and right on the white page of progress we have let a blot fall—a damning blot, that may be erased only with the edge of the knife.

From time to time there comes forward some insane enthusiast or some interested scamp as an apologist for this infamous institution. These people tell us that the Mormons are thrifty, law-abiding according to their own code; that they have opened up a new country, that their social life is by no means so black as it has been painted, and that, as a religious body, they are entitled to the protection which this country affords to other sects, such as the Mennonites, the Shakers, and the Friends, commonly called Quakers. There are always enough long haired idiots and corrupt legislators to listen to this sort of talk, and it gives the public an excuse for a shameful indifference to any movement toward reform. The sophistry of

their special pleading has been exposed often enough; but it can not do any harm to expose it once again.

These people are thrifty for their own good, and not for the general good of the nation. They are an aggregation of small monopolists, forming one huge monopoly. Their obedience to their own laws does not constitute obedience to the laws of the United States; for the two codes often conflict. They have opened up a new country only to make a nation for themselves within the limits of the nation that gave them shelter. They are no more than squatters; and though they build palaces instead of hovels, they must remain squatters. Their social life is none the better because its indecencies are systematized, or because the blind victims of infamy are contented in their disgrace. This "peculiar people" is as much out of place among our people as a carrion-crow is out of place in an eagle's nest. Let us have done with Mormonism, church and congregation.

We welcome the Mennonites; we are proud of our "Quakers;" we have no objection to the Shakers, so long as they behave themselves, although they can not be called productive or helpful citizens. But there is nothing in common between the three sects mentioned and the Mormon sect. They do not attempt to grasp the temporal power. The Mormons demand a government of their own, independent of, and often antagonistic to, our government. We rise up in wrath if the Catholic asks that his version of the Bible shall be read in our public-schools, and we cry out that our national liberties are endangered; but the most bigoted believer in the temporal power of the Pontiff never so insolently braved the righteous power of our republican government as do these Mormons.

There is no use in trying to plead that Polygamy is a religion in itself, or a part of a religion. Public morality demands that a man shall have but one wife; and the law of the civilized world recognizes the rights of that wife. Whatever the man's personal conduct may be, the citizen must carry out loyally and constantly the contract he has made with the woman who has yielded herself and her liberty up to him. And shall these men stand above and beyond the law—these base sensualists, who live on the labor of the women whom they hold in a slavery of shame? They have defied our law; they have set up a temple of pollution in our new land; they have profaned our national purity. The guilt of many murders is at their doors; their hands are red with the blood of women and children; by massacre, by assassination and by unspeakable forms of violence they have established their unholy power. Day by day they grow, and their agents ravage other lands for new victims, whom they drag defiantly through our cities and over our highways. And all this we tolerate because we will not stop to think what it means to bear "a blot on our civilization."

Certain persons in the City of New York have a very high opinion of their birth. Some of them call themselves Knickerbockers; then there are original Smiths, Browns, Joneses, Robinsons, Livingstones, and other names equally commonplace. The former class claim to be descendants—and perhaps they are—from a tribe of pottering old Hollanders, who had just enterprise and nous enough to leave their humid native land, where they were unable to get a living, for a country where land could be had for nothing, and cabbages would grow freely. As population increased, property increased in value, and now these folks have set themselves up as aristocrats, and are silly

enough to look down on those who don't belong to their set.

They snugly hug to themselves all this vulgar pedigree nonsense, and call upon the general public to worship them. But the general public does not respond, and says, "If you Knickerbockers and Livingstones are such great people, why don't you do something for the city which has made you what you are?" Instead of permitting New York to be in the hands of a herd of unscrupulous Irish emigrants of Tammany Hall, why do not these noble families endeavor to have something to say in the direction of municipal affairs, and prove their right to be considered as the best citizens? This would be infinitely more respectable than giving exclusive balls, driving coaches, and thrusting down the throat of every decent foreign visitor a shady genealogical tree, of which there is nothing to be proud.

But as these self-styled aristocrats will not do their duty, other men less fitted make a pretense of doing it for them. We look almost in vain for the enterprise and generosity of this nobility of ours. Where are the Knickerbocker or the Smith libraries, or art galleries, or colleges, or parks, or institutes, or monuments of any kind? The acts of Peter Cooper are worth more than all the Knickerbockers who ever existed in fact or fiction. So we have a Board of Aldermen almost exclusively Irish, and Democrats at that, who apportion out the patronage of this unfortunate city among themselves and their friends. New York is a child in their hands, and protest is useless. The city treasury is controlled by them, and non-politicians are powerless to change matters. We can hope only for a change. Will it ever come?

Mr. Jay Gould is insatiable. Other monopolists sink into insignificance compared with him. He is the Alexander the Great of finance, and will soon have to weep at there not being a further supply of railroads, telegraphs and newspapers to conquer. Everything now gravitates toward his capacious maw, and the time may arrive when Congress will have to pass a bill to protect the country against Mr. Jay Gould. To many this may seem a highly humorous idea, but it is truly a matter that requires serious consideration. There must be something wrong, either in our laws or social system, by which one man can acquire so much wealth and power to the detriment of other men. History scarcely tells us of any similar case, and Mr. Jay Gould is comparatively young and may have just begun to monopolize.

By the gracious permission of Mr. Gould, we may send a telegraph message, we may go downtown in the Elevated Railroad, we are accorded permission to travel over certain lines of railroad, we may have the news of the world, and comments on that news served up to us daily. But how long will the mighty man permit even these things? Suppose he were to take it into his head to refuse to send our telegrams, to cut off our newspaper, to insist upon our going in horse-cars, instead of by the "L" roads, what could we do? Nothing, absolutely nothing. And all such restrictions as these are within the bounds of possibility. Must Monopoly, in the person of Mr. Jay Gould, be allowed to reign supreme? Messrs. Field and Vanderbilt have much wealth and power; but they play very much the second fiddle, and are a mere tail to their great master. We cannot suggest an immediate remedy to curb the monster Monopoly; but what is left of the independent press, with PUCK at its head, may do a little—a very little—toward keeping the monster within bounds. It seems a hopeless task, but we will try it.

DAILY DANGER.

Railway accidents are, unhappily, not unusual occurrences. They occur daily everywhere, in spite of human foresight and what are called precautions. Therefore the recent loss of life on the Hudson River Railroad is just what might have been expected, to keep up the average of slaughter on the rail worthy of this great country.

If the average of deaths by this method is to be reduced, it strikes us that it would not be a bad idea to begin the reduction as near home as possible, and why should we not commence with the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad?

There are really very few good reasons why there should be accidents on this road. The organization is certainly a very wealthy one, and is in a position to take advantage of all the latest scientific inventions and discoveries for the prevention of railway accidents.

The slaughter that has created so much sensation, especially by reason of the tragic death of Senator Wagner in one of his own cars, was not the result of accident. It was the result of criminal carelessness and miserable parsimoniousness on the part of a bloated and selfish association of monopolists. What can we think of men who will risk the lives of hundreds of passengers on the waving of a red lantern by an utterly illiterate and almost decrepit train-hand? The daily papers have already made people familiar with the instructions issued by the railroad in question to its employees, by which the rear brakeman is to run back, on his train coming to a standstill, to give the danger signal to approaching trains. But on a great highway like the Hudson River road, can this rule be considered a sufficient safeguard? Such an arrangement may do in parts of the West, where there is but little traffic; but near New York it is no precaution at all. The brakeman might never leave his train alive, and, as events have proved, the conductor would not be a bit the wiser.

This calamity would not have befallen us, had the block system, which we have for years been advocating on all lines of railroad, been adopted on the Hudson River road. The block system is exceedingly simple. It is that no train shall leave a point until the train immediately preceding it has passed a given point. It is the non-adoption of this system that causes every passenger on the Elevated roads to carry his life in his hand. It was the non-adoption of this system that cost nearly a dozen lives between Spuyten Duyvil and Kingsbridge.

But those who control the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad are too well off to bother themselves about a trifling loss of life. The claims of the friends of the dead will be paid, and a little bulling and bearing of stocks on Wall Street will soon make up for the amount; so that the stockholders will be nothing out of pocket, and well prepared for the next accident that comes along.

If our legislators at Albany had any sense of decency, and were not in the hands of monopolists, they would at once pass a bill making the block system compulsory on all lines of railroad in this State; but perhaps they will postpone this necessary measure until a more extensive slaughter takes place.

And it is surely coming. It will come one of these fine foggy mornings; and it will be on the Elevated Railroad, and three or four hundred people will be killed and wounded, and the money that Messrs. Field, Gould and Sage will have to pay may necessitate their replenishing their exchequers in a manner even more curious than their famous manipulation of "L" stock. And yet a few thousand dollar a year would make travel on the "L" roads perfectly safe, and Messrs. Field, Gould and Sage

would save what they have left of their reputations.

While the dead are being mourned by their friends and relatives, Mr. Vanderbilt is seated in his easy-chair in his Fifth Avenue palace, quite unconcerned. It makes no difference to him; although, if he had spent a million dollars less on his house, and a million more to insure safety on his road, the public would not think less of him, and there might have been joy where sorrow and grief now reign supreme.

We have not yet heard that the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad is to adopt the block system.

FATHER GANDER'S
MELODIES.

*Puck's Special Edition for Children of
a Larger Growth.*

I.



There was a man and his name was
Blaine,
And he had a State—the State of
Maine;
And he had an office to maintain,
And couldn't do it, 'tis very plain.

II.



The Half Breeds do blow:
And it's, "I told you so!"
And, "What will Lord Roscoe
do now?
Will he hop into place
Under Arthur, by grace
Of the scandalous Albany row—
Or how?"

Puckings.

GUILT-EDGED PAPER—Counterfeit notes.

WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR—Road to New-
ark, N. J.

HOW TO FIND A NEEDLE IN A HAY-MOW—
Sit down on the mow.

MISS MARY ANDERSON is a fortunate actress;
her diamonds have not yet been stolen.

WE HAVE heard of a young lady so utter that
she has gone to live at 222, 22nd Street.

THE MEANEST man known went to the theatre,
and after the performance sneaked back to hear
the echo.

"ONCE MORE for the cigars," as the burglar
said, when he burgled for the second time the
cigar store.

THE YOUNG man who sent in a poem entitled
"Singers," is politely informed that we don't
publish sewing-machine verse.

LAWRENCE BARRETT did well to attend the
Guiteau trial. The prisoner is quite competent
to give lessons in acting.

GET VACCINATED; but after a lapse of five
days, if it doesn't resemble a stale three-cent
cream-cake, feel not disturbed in mind, for it
matters not.

THE ST. JAMES'S BUDGET says that Ireland
is a country without a sovereign power. We
wonder what the *St. James's Budget* calls the
shot-gun.

WE HOPE that Mrs. Victoria will not take the
British Naval Attaché at Washington away
from us. It would be too bad, just as Mr. Robe-
son is going to build us such a lovely new navy.

THERE SEEMS, so far, no chance for an ice
crop from the Hudson. Perhaps Charles Francis
Adams might be induced to bathe in the river
half-a-dozen times, and thus save New York
from an ice famine.

"WHAT DO you think of the Egyptian Im-
broglio?" inquired one Hibernian of another,
at a Rossi matinée, between the acts.

"Well," replied the other: "bechune you an'
me, I know nothing av the imbroguelio. I
haven't been radin' about the Land Lague
lately."

THIS is the season of the year when the
Unionbucker Club young man, who gloats over
his pedigree, thinks he'll be mistaken for a
'ardy Hinglishman by going about without an
overcoat. Next year he will probably be meas-
ured for a strong wooden ulster, which he will
wear a few feet under the sod, and conse-
quently will be unable to exhibit to advantage
on Avenoo V.

A POET, in one of the magazines, prints some
verses in which he says that after the nightingale
finds a mate it is so happy as to be unable to
sing. Then he says that he has ice-creamed
and matinéed a young lady until he found it
necessary to succumb to the all-ruling passion.
So he gave her the divine interrogation point
one starry night, and she waxed very affirmative.
Now he says that, like the nightingale, he can't
sing. We wish some lovely girls would become
enamored of several dozen poets we know, while
there are at least three or four that ought to have
a Circassian harem out in Utah.

AFTERWARDS.

The lights flash out—the last wild flight
Of music at the ceiling soars;
Dies, falling back—the throat of night
They seem to ope who draw the doors,
From sheltered nook of curtained box,
From confabs deep a-corridor
We press, a rapid rout that mocks
The rout the Red Sea parted for,
Fan screams—Dick swears—each dainty waist
Bears button prints—of fashion late—
The Spartan urchin's joys we taste
By girlish elbows lacerate.
The dancers cower in cape and cloud,
The drinkers steal one final spark
Of life—we pour, a struggling crowd,
Into the winter midnight's dark.
Ho, friends, to me who with you wait
The advent glad of cab and car,
A thought insistent comes as Fate,
And startling as a wheeling star.
I think that most of us who end
Here now our rouse hebdomadal,
Shall find the last way man may wend,
Much like the exit from a ball.
Our lights shall die—shall drop our glass,
Our kisses falter—shall they not?
From warmth and wine and waltz we'll pass
To shivering darkness—and then—what?

A. E. WATROUS.

THE POWER OF KEROSENE.
NO STOVE—
NO SERVANT-GIRL—NO BLOW UP.

The two sat alone at a small table. The dinner was over, the aroma of the *café noir* was floating through the air, while the redolence of Turkish cigarettes wreathed the soul of the poet in pleasant visions of the Orient.

"This reminds me of the 'Arabian Nights'—especially of that charming tale of Aladdin and his non-explosive kerosene lamp."

"It was a wonderful, not a kerosene lamp."

"Isn't kerosene wonderful?" chimed in the first.

"I don't know that it is, unless for its proficiency in destroying careless servant-girls."

"I happen to know something of kerosene and its general influence; but I am not in the habit of airing my erudition. Yet I should be pleased to tell you a kerosene idyll I heard last year, while traveling in the far West."

"Well, go ahead; I shall be most happy to hear it," responded the other, in tones which proved he would willingly part with one of his arms to escape the ordeal.

"Well, you see, old Gabe Francis was a stern, rigid believer in kerosene for everything, except a cocktail. He believed in it as a sovereign remedy for burns, bruises, and the salvation of the hair. He used to buy condemned army mules for almost nothing, and kerosene the U. S. trade-mark on their flanks, and raise hair on them inside of a month—"

"Did the mules ever raise him?"

"Hardly ever. He had a novel way of getting at them. He used to tie them up, so that they couldn't chase him, and then play kerosene on them with a squirt-gun. Sometimes he would saturate a sponge with the oil, and fasten it on the end of a pole, and stand off at decent range and lubricate their monograms, while the mules, full of lilyful languors, explored the atmosphere as far as they could with their hind-legs. In about two months the mules' hieroglyphics were sufficiently covered with hair to make it a safe and profitable proceeding for Mr. Francis to go and sell them back to the Government, at an advance, for youthful specimens of the highest order of high-kickers."

"Did he confine himself to mules entirely?"

"Not at all; he used to raise a great deal of wool on sheep, and hair on goats—the latter for stuffing furniture. He would raise about four crops per season off each animal, and he found it more profitable to keep the goats for their hair than to sell them for mutton. He borrowed animals and took care of them for their hair, and he used to sit on the stoop with a telescope and watch the hair grow. One day, while sitting on the honeysuckled porch, looking out over sweet vistas of landscape, he wrote the following villanelle on

THEOCRITUS.

O psalmist of the sheep and goat
That roam these mimic Thracian hills,
I like your chaste idyllic note.

My pensive soul it sets afloat
With melodies of woodland rills,
O psalmist of the sheep and goat.

Theocritus, whom poets quote
'Mong thyme and bending daffodils,
I like your chaste idyllic note.

I know the Age of Gold remote—
The myrtled steer my vision fills,
O psalmist of the sheep and goat.

Pan pipeth in his shaggy coat—
His reed the happy song-bird stills—
I like your chaste idyllic note.

Persephone, with lily-throat,
Of sweet Sicilian valley trills—
O psalmist of the sheep and goat,
I like your chaste idyllic note.

"But it was not with the goats and sheep that he made his greatest success—it was with geese. He used to husk the plumage off them to convert into beds, out of which he realized a handsome income. As soon as a goose was thoroughly husked, it would be dipped into a pail of kerosene and set at liberty. I think he used to realize about one bed per season out of each goose, and at that rate it paid pretty well. His feathers had an immense circulation. On one occasion he raised feathers on a stuffed cockatoo, and, after that discovery, to save the cost of food, he had all his geese killed and stuffed, and arranged in the barn on perches. After a while he had what he called a Goosery, wherein he kept the stuffed birds."

"Did he ever raise down on a gooseberry-bush?" inquired the listener, completely out of patience.

"I never heard that he did," replied the romancer: "but on one occasion I believe he raised ostrich-feathers on fifty-cent straw hats—"

"You have gone far enough, sir," said the listener: "Now will you kindly permit me to tell you a story?"

"With pleasure; go ahead."

"My story is different from yours—it is true. I used to know a man out in New Jersey who had a most violent regard for plants. He had every variety of hyacinth under the sun arranged along the upper part of the window-sash, and he used to stand around and watch them with as much affection as though they were capable of bearing diamonds. One day, while he was sitting at the window, the servant-girl raised it a little way to let in some air. She forgot about the hyacinths, and when they, with the water surrounding them, were emptied down the proprietor's neck and all over his bald head, he arose to a point of disorder, turned purple, looked like an egg-plant covered with fog, and told the girl to present her bill, corral her wardrobe, and meander off the premises as expeditiously as possible.

"She happened to be a servant-girl of great merit, and the man's wife became indignant when she was sent away. And she vowed she would do something to settle her lord on the

flower question, as that was the cause of every storm that ruffled the quiet bosom of their domestic sea—if you will permit a highly poetic simile.

"So when he planted a lot of expensive bulbs in the spring, and went around telling his neighbors what kind of a garden he was going to have, his wife sallied forth with a pail of scalding water, and poured it on the choicest bulbs."

"Did your friend raise the bulbs?"

"Yes; he raised them about a month later—with a spade, to see why they didn't grow; but he never could tell. He made a thorough examination of them, and then sued the man that sold them, and got damages, with which his wife and daughters bought all sorts of things. After they had scalded all the valuable flowers about the place, and peace was restored, and the old man came to the conclusion that there was something wrong with the earth, a young man commenced to pay a great deal of attention to his favorite daughter, a sort of languishing gazelle of eighteen. This made the stern parent wild, and he quickly purchased the most savage-looking bulldog he could find.

"He called the dog Mignonette, on the ground that his personal appearance indicated that his qualities surpassed his charms. That the appellation was well applied is proved by the expeditious and artistic manner in which he jumped over the fence and took a stand of statuary off a peregrinating Italian's head, before he had been on the premises two days, as well as by the ineffable liveliness with which he practically inhaled the house-cat, and tore about fifty dollars' worth of miscellaneous wearing apparel off the clothes-line. He was strictly on the jump. He would stand on his hind-legs out on the porch, and look intently at a hanging basket until he secured a true aim. Then he would stoop for a spring, suddenly unravel himself, and fetch that basket down like a flash. There was not a fence in the neighborhood that he couldn't clear at a bound. He would get over anything that hadn't a roof on it. When he saw anything hanging down like a bird-cage or a chandelier, he considered it his duty to jump for it. He thought it was put there to be jumped at, and he never failed to act on his impulse.

"Of course it was rather a dangerous scheme for the young lady's admirer to approach the gate, as the dog was always on the watch, and looked as though he could feel happier if supplied with a good pair of opera-glasses."

"How did the young man call on her?"

"He didn't do much calling—correctly speaking. He used to see her at her window."

"From across the street?"

"Oh, no; at shorter range than that. He used to float to her window in a balloon. He would sail over the trees and right down to the window sill. He had a rope fastened to the bottom of the balloon, the other end being attached to the ground. Then he had a rope fastened to the window-sill, and when he got up in the air as far as the balloon would go, he would gently gather in the window-sill rope and haul himself down to the casement.

"One night, when the enraptured aeronaut had reached this stage of the game, the bulldog came around the corner of the house, and took in the situation at a glance. He didn't bark at all, but immediately commenced to jump for the balloon. Every time he seemed to get a little nearer, and the young man began to think it time to do something. So he reached down with a club, and the next time the dog shot in the air, Sir Romeo let him have it on the jaw, and the musical patter of bulldog teeth on the board walk below must have lasted five minutes."

"What was the upshot of it all?"

"The upshot of it was that the man married the girl, and the dog took to farinaceous food."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

PUCK'S MARKET REPORT.

REVISED AND CORRECTED TO THE HOUR OF
GOING TO PRESS.

Actors—Unsteady; limited demand; market overstocked.

Assassins—Active and vigorous; with an upward tendency.

Ashes—Light; in curb-stone bbls.; stationary.

Bulls—Active and strong; prize, J. G.'s, R. S.'s and C. W. F.'s, ruling very high and rising.

Bears—Quiet and dull; hibernating season.

Bores—Steady and reliable, without any decided change.

Bank Officials—Weak, dull and incapable, if honest; value merely nominal.

Business Integrity—Not quoted.

Cranks—Numerous and multiplying with amazing fecundity; supply greatly in excess of demand.

Chaff—Abundant and dry; at least, so reported by most of the newspapers.

Defaulters—Of the Newark variety, plentiful, very; lock-ups full of 'em; no further demand noticed.

Honor—Moderate and easy; very little in the market.

Hides—In fair demand among defaulting public officials.

Humor—Condition of the market will be found in the subjoined tabulated form:

	Western.	New York.	Hartford.
Light:			
1 1/2 @ 2 1/4	1/8 @ 1/16	9/16 @ 1/1000	
Middling:			
3 1/4 @ 3 3/4	7 1/2 @ 9 3/8	1/8 @ 1/4	
Heavy:			
6 1/2 @ 7 1/4	3 3/8 @ 4 1/2	99 3/4 @ 100	
Damaged:			
9 3/8 @ 10 1/4	1 1/4 @ 1 3/4	999 7/8 @ 1000	

Horns—In great demand; favorites ruling about as follows: "Tom and Jerry," "Egg-Nogg," "Rum Toddy," "Brandy Smash," "Whiskey Skin," "Hot Scotch," "Bourbon Sour," "Gin Fizz," "Plains" and "Straights;" market about 59 1/2 c. better; further advance confidently expected.

Lies—Very active and in great abundance; almost as numerous as defaulters in New Jersey; demand about as usual, and supply equal to any occasion.

Money—As close as an oyster and hard as an oyster-shell; demand in excess of supply by at least \$1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,999 and 9 mills.

Office-seekers—Dull; duller than usual, if possible; despondent, also; prices entirely nominal, ranging from a Cabinet position to a pair of pantaloons.

Papers (Daily)—No news; no knowledge; no nothing.

Poets—Only middling, and very much so at that; small both in quality and demand.

Pigs—Heaps, droves, whole worlds of 'em; the local market sufficiently overstocked to supply, amply, London, Paris, Pekin, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and Uranus; price, nothing; value, less.

Sharks—Numerous and plentiful—especially in Wall Street.

Wisdom—Very little in the market; not nearly enough to supply even such aching voids as the Brooklyn pulpits; demand even less than the supply.

X-Dollar Notes—Scarce and difficult to get—unless you happen to be a bank cashier or some other kind of defaulter. Curious thing: and yet they were not carried off by Adelina Patti.

Young Ladies—Boyant and unchanged.

Zeal—In criminal transactions, very strong and rather more so than ever.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCVIII.

MR. VANDERBILT'S MANSION.



Ya-as, we were, aftah all, obliged to go. I hoped we should have been able to have found some pwopah excuse faw being conspicuous by our absence; but aw, pon my life, we weally couldn't help it, and were constwained to put in an appear-

wance at the pweliminawry house-warming given the othah day.

Mr. Vanderbilt called on me a few days be-faw, and wemarked that he should feel personally gwatified if Mrs. Fitznoodle and myself would honah his humble new wesidence with our pwesence; and as Mr. Vanderbilt is certainly a wich man and, as I am informed, of considerable influence in wailways, I did not think that any gweat harm could awise fwom my ventur-wing acwoss his aw thrweshold; besides, in this countwy, it is as well to know differwent varwieties of people.

The exterwiah of Mr. Vanderbilt's house is aw, he-ah and there, quite wich and handsome; but Jack Carnegie says it is far fwom being architecturawly corwect. I could see there was something wong somewhere, but I don't think I could explain pwecisely what I mean in the wegulah pwofessional phrwases, without a gweat deal of twouble.

The interwiah is aw extwemely nice. My wife said that the wichness and the beauty of the wooms almost took her bweath away; but women often talk in that widiculous mannah.

Aftah I had stwollod about and inspected the dining-woom, the pictchah gallerwy, the carwy-atides, the aw bwonze banistahs, the innumerable bwass ornaments, the carvings of fwuits and foliage, the bwackets of wosewood, the tapestwy, embwoiderwies and ornaments generwally, I had a aw quiet glass of dwy sherwy with Mr. Vanderbilt in his own woom, far away fwom the cwowd of visitahs. It is a cheerful den, and is finished in wosewood and satin-wood; the ceiling consists of panels, on which there are verwy fai-ah designs done with paint and paint-bwushes.

"What do you think of my house, Mr. Fitznoodle?" wemarked my host.

"Verwy pwetty, indeed," I wplied.

"It cost me a powah of money," he said: "Guess it will foot up somewhere 'between thrwee or four millions of dollahs; but I am not particulah to two or thrwee hundwed thousand. My bath arwangements cost four or five thousand dollahs."

"Ya-as, I dessay it's verwy bwight work."

"How do you like the painting on the ceiling in one of the bedwooms?"

"Do you mean the 'Awakening of Aurwor-wa'?" I asked.

"Ya-as," he said: "It's awfully expensive, but I haven't yet weceived the bill. Lefebvre don't do any cheap work. I wouldn't have given him the job, if he did. Come, Mr. Fitznoodle, they ain't got anything in Eurwope that can lay ovah this. The Queen can't beat it."

"No, Mr. Vanderbilt, I aw don't think so."

"I know they ain't. We'll find your fwient the captain, and I'll open a bottle of wine. By-the-way, do you evah do anything in 'Cent-wal'? If you do, I'll give you a point."

"Awfully obliged, I am sure, but I nevah can compwehend such things; I leave them all to my man of business. You'd bettah address him on the subject aw."

THE REPUBLICAN AND THE DEMOCRAT.

GENERAL GRANT, after nineteen years of strict opposition, comes suddenly to the support of Fitz-John Porter's claim for back pay and pension.

FITZ-JOHN PORTER and the Democrats will support the Bill to place U. S. Grant on the Retired Army List.



"YOU TICKLE ME AND I'LL TICKLE YOU."

AN ARTIST'S APPLICATION.

UNION CITY, }
January 23rd, 1882. }

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

What do you think of the inclosed portrait? Don't you want to hire me as an artist to work on your paper? Please criticise in your next issue, and oblige,

Respectfully,

C. E. P.—.

P. S.—I am a boy, sixteen years old, young and promising.

C. E. P.—.



Mr. C. E. P., nothing would afford us greater pleasure than to add the light of your genius to the glory; but we don't think we can afford to pay you your price.

We don't believe we can make an appropriation to cover such an item; but we can at least comply, and cheerfully, with your request to criticise the picture you have sent us, and which we here reproduce for the benefit of our readers.

We approach the task with due reverence and humility of spirit. In the presence of a high and holy work of art such as this, we feel the inadequacy of human appreciation.

You ask us what we think of the portrait. We think it a grand and almost perfect production. We should recognize it anywhere—even in Calcutta or Kamschatka—as a portrait of Peter Cooper.

The benevolent expression and the fleeciness of the whiskers are unmistakable. There is, perhaps, a sadness in the off eye which characterizes the revered subject only in moments of extreme and unexpected depression, such as those which are liable to ensue immediately upon his stepping on an orange-peel.

The near eye is, however, a marvel of skillful handling. It instantly suggests that Mr. Cooper has just had a bout with Mr. George Rooke or Mr. Patrick Ryan, and gives us a high idea of

the philanthropist's manly courage and liveliness with his fists.

The treatment of the hair is also richly effective. That hair might almost be taken for a wig, and an expensive wig, too, costing at least two dollars and a half. The necktie is also something too purely and perfectly precious for any words that we can speak.

If we were to find any fault with the picture, it would be because the aurora borealis just back of the goatee hangs down a little too far, and infuses itself adroitly into the pale ineffable passion that is buttered all over the ice-house which protrudes from behind the Durham bull, who is standing in front of the house in which Fitznoodle was born. But why on earth do you put a fountain in? What has a fountain to do with you? You don't draw like a man who drinks water.

Nor do we quite understand why you have put all your chiar' oscuro in the foreground, and doubled up the middle-distance so that it folds over the edge of the picture and makes a crease in the back. There is also—we don't like to be hypercritical; but candor is a duty which our position as art-critics imposes upon us—there is also a certain lack of atmosphere about the lower part of the sketch which leaves us in painful doubt as to whether it represents a coat, or a dissected Westphalia ham, or a new patent mouse-trap.

These are, of course, but minor blemishes on a great and beautiful work. We just point them out to you so that as the years roll over your youthful head you can hitch your style around and adjust it to the true north of the artistic compass, and get it rebuilt with safety-bulkheads and a plated muzzle and a monochrome attachment to the soft pedal.

If these few remarks are of any use to you, we shall be happy; and there will be no charge. If you cannot utilize them in your business, pass them on to somebody who can. We are not able to accept your kind offer of assistance; you never can be ours; but we hope you will think of us sometimes, and be the happier for a tender memory of the first rude worldlings who ever availed themselves of the opportunity of appreciating your lofty genius with a soulful, base-burner, tin-roofed appreciation.

"A MAN out in New Jersey attempted to vaccinate a bulldog the other day, just for an experiment," said a man in a café the other evening.

"It took, I presume," replied his companion.

"Took! Well, I should say it did; the bulldog crouched like a ball, and, letting himself suddenly out, took a couple of fingers off the man, who took to his heels. It was one of the supremest cases of took on record."

IS DANCING A SIN?

Dar was a meetin' ob de confrunce not berry long ago, To consider sartin subjicks dat was brought befo' De wisdom an' de larin dat was dar assembled, An' de rightys smiled an' de sinnin' bredrin trembled. But de mos' important question dey was to advance, Was "wedder sartin elders was justified to dance."

Brudder Cain ariz, an' wid a mighty knowin' look, Sed he'd 'zamed de matter widin de Holy Book, "An' wile *under sartin circumstances* it moun't be a sin, Dar was some occasions when it was agin De moral law an' cibil law—not mentionin' de canon." An' dis riz de bile in Brudder Nicodemus Bannon.

He jumped up to his feet, an' stampin' on de flo', 'Low'd sich remarks he'd nebbber heerd befo', An' it pained—yes, hurt him berry much indeed, To hear a brudder emernate any sich a creed; An' he *hoped* de sense ob dis highly larned body Would crush a doctrine he *feared* was born in *today*.

"Does de brudder mean to hint dat I'se been drinkin'? Dat alcohol 's been influencin' my thinkin'?" Thundered Brudder Cain, in anger, in bitterness an' wrath:

"Ef any wiper says so, I'll sweep 'im from my path, An' I think it out ob order, to say de very least, An' I demand a 'pology from de brudder from de East."

Brudder Bannon got up midst de clatter and de clamor, An' elevated his arm berry like a big sledge-hammer, An', in a voice of thunder, he began to exclaim On de defense of Brudder Cain, which he 'low'd was berry lame;

An', wile he didn't deal in pussonal accusations, It *looked* like de brudder's courage came from deep libations.

"For ten years I've preached de gospel, far and near, An' sich shameful langwidge before I didn't hear, An', ef it wasn't for de *cloth* and de berry bad 'zample, I'd knock de brudder down; not only that, I'd trample His opinions—yes, him, too—in fact, de sperit 's workin' An' I tink de flesh 'll 'sist in givin' him a jerkin'."

Well, sah! wid dat he rushed for Brudder Cain, An' eberry brudder grabbed a brudder, an' it is wid pain I chronikil de windin'-up of what started berry cibil, Sich a pandemoniac ez would shame de berry debil; An' I'se come to de conclusion, an' in humble shame I bow,

Dat whar dar's a crowd ob niggahs, dar you'll fin' a row. J. A. DOYLE.

THERE IS a man in Vermont so tall that it fatigues him. As it is impossible to awaken him in the usual way, whenever he falls asleep, two men sit on chairs, take hold of him by his shoulders and feet, and play him like an accordion.

APPROBATION FROM SIR THINGUMBOB.

I read my PUCK, and afterward My soul meanders laughterward.

—Swinburne.

I cordially agree with the foregoing.

—J. Jones.

GEOGRAPHICAL TAILORING—Wanted: A good cutter—for the Isthmus of Panama.

THE AESTHETIC APOSTLE AND WHAT HE MIGHT DO WITH HIS HAIR.



He might comb it over in front— or wear it *a la* Cherokee— or braid it in nice little pigtales— or do the Circassian Girl in a show— but perhaps the best thing would be to shave it off and sell it to a hair-mattress factory.

V. HUGO DUSENBURY.



HIS LITTLE PROPOSITION.

HARLEM, January 23rd, 1882.

Editor PUCK.—Dear Sir:

I have a little business proposition to make to you. It strikes me as phenomenally reasonable, and calculated to prove of as much advantage to you, should you accept it, as to me. There is absolutely nothing mean about me, and I am perfectly willing that you should share in any benefits accruing to me.

Now, bend your editorial ear over my Muse, and listen: A poet is a creature of moods. His poetry is dependent on these moods. If he happens to be in a lyric mood, it is impossible to get an epic out of him. If he is tortured with an attack of biliousness which is searching the depths of his nature, you can not expect to get him to carol forth a breezy idyll of the budding Spring-time.

Do you recognize this incontrovertible truth? I believe you do. You have had some dealings with poets, both professional and amateur, and if you have not found that out by this time, you must be singularly obtuse.

Now, I have been carrying your poetic reputation on my shoulders for several years, and the time has come when I find that my Muse needs a good deal of coaxing to make her come up to the straight journalistic scratch.

She is a good old Muse; but she has been more or less over-worked, and even since the firm of Dusenbury and Wilde has been formed, I do not find that my partner affords me any real assistance. He can't work the Sunday-school business, and the comic Valentine people won't accept his work.

I want to be treated like a poet. I want to be dry-nursed, so to speak. I want to be indulged and fondled and encouraged to work. I want to have my faculties stimulated by material influences calculated to promote inspiration. That is what will fetch out the most glorious poetry there is in my soul; and that is what will boom your old paper in a way that will make your capillary curl.

For instance, to give you an idea of my scheme, suppose you want to work me for a tender, touching pastoral, with cows and bees and rippling rivulets and a goat or two gamboling over the rocks. Well, the obviously proper thing to do is to send your poet out into the country, and relieve his mind of anxiety about his board-bills for a month or so. Then he will lie upon the greensward and gaze upon the placid surface of the summer lake, and list the lowing of distant kine, and fire you off a poem that would set Theocritus on edge with hopeless jealousy. And if you happen to want that kind of poem in mid-winter, why, ship the poet to Florida, or some other warm climate, and he will take the chances on catching swamp-fever or the typhoid article.

Or, you may want straight-out, old-fashioned acrobatic comic verse, that jumps from Olympus to the back-yard, as a brother-poet has remarked—verse that deals with the goat and his gastric functions, verse that goes in for slipping down on orange-peel, and gymnastic exercises by stern parents with cowhide boots, and all that sort of thing. Very well. All you have to do is to pay my way into all the circuses and picnics, and give me a library of comic literature and old Philadelphia Directories.

Possibly you may yearn for something funereal. The friendly relations between England and America are growing stronger and stronger with every year, and the time may come when you will want to be more in tone with your E. C. the London *Punch*. If so, all that is necessary is to ante up the money to send me to a few negro-minstrel shows, and to feed my intellect on Harvey's "Meditations Among the Tombs" and the librettos of a few English burlesques.

Maybe you may want some stirring battle-song calculated to thrill the pulses of generations yet unborn. Send to me. Get up a neat little war for me, and build me a Herring chilled-iron bomb-proof somewhere where I can look on and see the whole business without risking my valuable Muse.

You may wish, also, for a few impassioned love-songs, breathing of idyllic devotion in every line. And I will frankly admit that that sort of thing is my strong hold.

Very well. Provide me with a choice and varied assortment of young ladies, all of susceptible nature and striking personal beauty, and I will warble for you like a nightingale who has been taking lessons of a mocking-bird.

This is but a bald and bare outline of my little scheme. Should it meet with your approbation, brace up your bank-account and drop me a postal-card, and you will have such an out pouring of fine old broad-guage, satinfaced poetry as you have not seen in five years.

Yours truly and expectantly,

V. HUGO DUSENBURY,
Professional Poet.

NEW YORK, Jan. 24th, 1882.

V. Hugo Dusenbury, Esq.—Dear Sir:

Your proposition, contained in your letter of 23rd inst., has been duly received, and contents noted. It has received our most careful consideration, and we have decided that it may prove mutually advantageous to accept it. We believe that in all our dealings with you we have shown a spirit of friendly liberality, and we wish to maintain our reputation for generosity and enterprise. Our new arrangement will begin at once. We are in urgent need of an "Epic of Hades"—a little sketch of Gehenna, with a good deal of warmth and local color thrown in. Please get yourself into the atmosphere at once, and charge expenses to us.

Yours truly,

PUBLISHERS PUCK.

Answers for the Anxious.

DOOLITTLE.—Do less.

HASELTINE.—Take her to the Elks' Ball as a little dear.

J. R. B.—You are a crank, and we shall be cranks, too, if you don't stop sending us your insane communications.

MELINDA.—An Irishman by the name of O'Blivion has got hold of your poem, and will probably hang on to it for a genteel permanence.

MEL & COLLIE.—You two ought to dissolve partnership, and then dissolve personally, if you can't do any better work than the samples you have sent us.

LULUMI.—Your poem on Winter is weirdly and wildly beautiful; but we think that the season for you is Summer, when watermelons and green peaches and ice-cream get a fair show to waft the poet into Elysium.

SAM'L OF BOSTON.—That cultured poem you have sent us, on the subject of the influenza is not destined for oblivion. It may some day come back to you; but it will be in the form of a paper collar. It is at present in the tender care of the O I C man.

O. O. FERGUSON.—You want to know whether or no the theatres are now sufficiently safe for you to visit them? They are, gentle youth. Any theatre is safe enough for you. The toughest kind of roast would n't impair your freshness; and smoking would do you more good than it would an uncured ham.

WILSON M. LOGAN.—You sent us stamps with your MS., did you? And you didn't get it back? Heaven bless you for sending the stamps. They assisted on their way several letters which brightened the hearts of the fair recipients. That was much better than using them to send your old MS. back, wasn't it, Mr. Logan?

DEXTER DEVERE.—We are much obliged to you for sending us your "little batch of jokes." We have laid them carefully away. Some day, when the burdens of life bear too heavily upon us, and we find no resort save in suicide, we will take them out of their pigeon-hole and read them through, and glide gently into the land where the witless cease from troubling and the punsters are at rest.

STAMPS OR NO STAMPS,
WE WILL NOT RETURN MS. TO
ANYBODY.

This may seem a little rough; but we are worried beyond bearing by people who will follow us up to get their manuscripts returned after we have printed a hundred notices to tell them that it is impossible.

AMUSEMENTS.

Miss Anna Dickinson has played *Hamlet* at Rochester. They are rather thin.

It is an old story to say that "Patience" is an enormous triumph at the STANDARD THEATRE, but it is nevertheless a true one.

In the recent MADISON SQUARE THEATRE matinee, Miss Maud Harrison made an admirable *Desdemona* to Mr. George Edgar's *Othello*.

A second popular concert, given last Sunday night by Hague's British Operatic Minstrels at THE CASINO, attracted a large number of religious devotees.

"Odette" is announced for February 6th at DALY'S THEATRE, by which time "The Passing Regiment" will come to a temporary halt, previous to invading other States.

At HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, "All the Rage" was performed on Monday night. It was not successful at DALY'S THEATRE, but it may be blessed with better fortune here.

The Elks will give their first masquerade ball at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC February 6th. There is to be rare fun and hilarity, and we shall have more to say about it as the eventful night approaches.

"Esmeralda," at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, has now been played 98,764 times. It is expected the round hundred thousand will be completed before next week, when "Esmeralda" will be produced.

The Old Guard Ball, at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, was as military a festivity as could well be desired. There were fair women, brave men, uniforms and all such matters in profusion, with the natural result—success.

"Pygmalion and Galatea" gladdens the hearts of the populace at BOOTH'S THEATRE, especially Miss Anderson's performance of the beautiful living statue. Saturday matinee, "Lady of Lyons." Saturday evening, "Ingomar."

Birch & Backus's SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS have scored a great success with "Patients; or, Bunion Salve's Bride," and, with their new sketches, "Yankee College Boys" and "Shakers' Picnic," we know of no blacker or brighter entertainment.

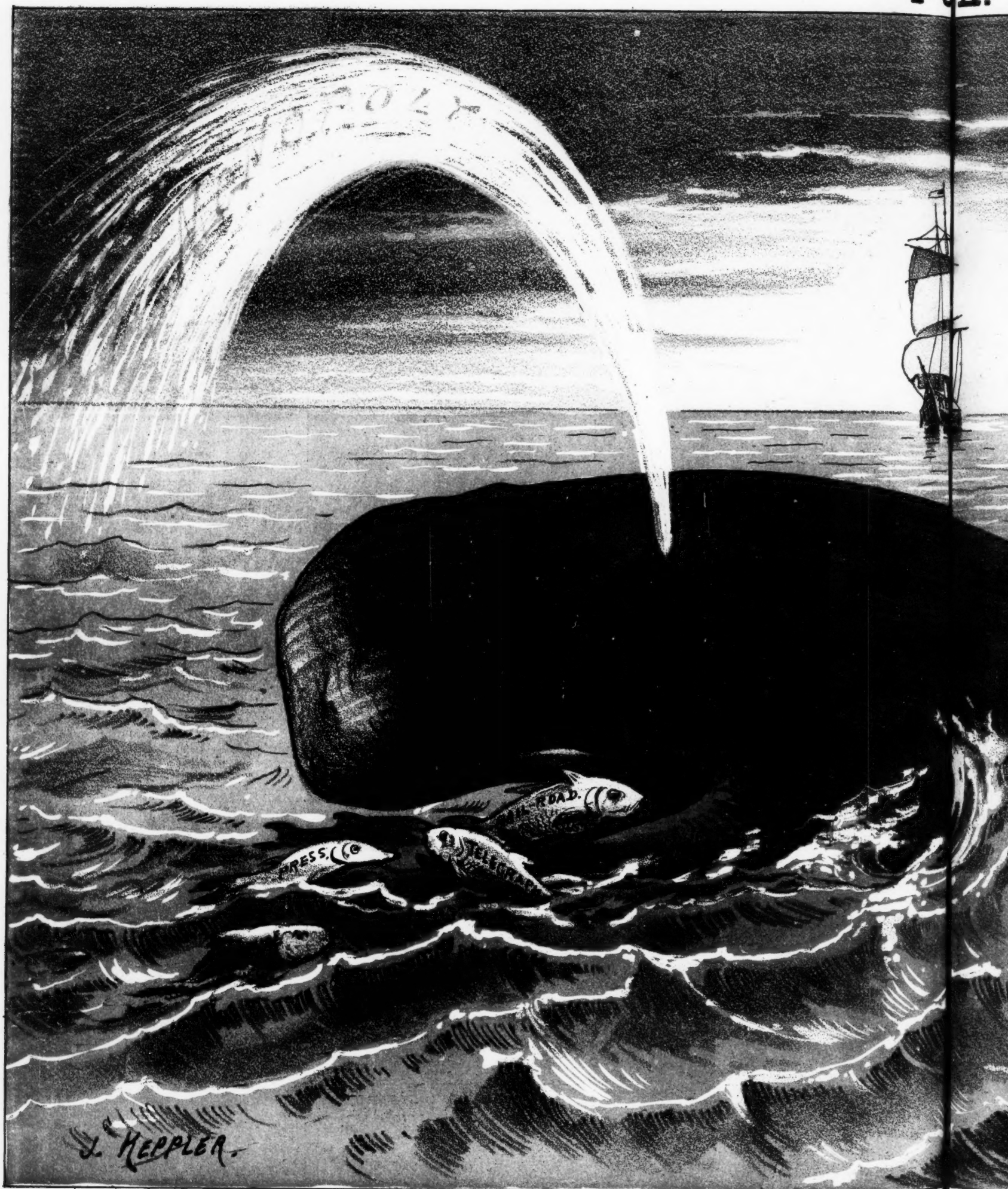
"Madame Favart" has succeeded "Olivette" at HAVERLY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, and it is the Comley Barton Company, with Catherine Lewis, Frederick Leslie, Marie Jansen and John Howson that are carrying out the ideas of the author and composer.

On Monday last Mr. John McCullough bounded on the stage at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, and gave the pious citizens "Virginius" in fine style. On Tuesday he gratified them with "The Gladiator," and to-night he will stir up their feelings as *Othello*. "Richard the III." and "Ingomar" are also announced for this week.

"Oedipus Tyrannus," by the well-known and favorite playwright, Sophocles, is to be played at BOOTH'S THEATRE January 30th, under the management of Mr. Daniel Frohman. Mr. Sophocles will direct the performance himself, by special permission of the gods, who have given him several months' leave of absence from Hades.

The illustrious tragedian, Rossi, at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, has been showing abilities as a romantic actor in Dumas's "Edmund Kean." The audiences have been large and enthusiastic. The end of the fourth act of "Edmund Kean" is of a novel and exciting character, and is in itself worth going to see and hear. Miss Carrie Turner gave a capital impersonation of *Anna Danby*, acting it with ease, grace and refinement.

"The Colonel," at ABBEY'S PARK THEATRE, was a great disappointment to everybody. Not that Mr. Wallack is to blame, for he does what is expected of him; but the play is nothing more than an unblushing appropriation of another man's work. The French original, "le Mari à la Campagne," is, of course, at everybody's service, but the author of "The Serious Family" exhausted its possibilities for the English-speaking stage in the best manner. It is, then, rather cool, to say the least of it, for Mr. F. C. Burnand, the editor of our venerable and funereal contemporary, *Punch*, to call "The Colonel" his play, when he has simply altered the dialogue, here and there, of another play, and made impossible aesthetes of what, in the original, were possible religious enthusiasts. Mr. Burnand, in spite of his reputation, by this work can certainly lay no claim to be considered either a wit or a playwright, and his ideas of dramatic construction are evidently of the crudest and most conventional character. "Why, cert'nly," repeated at intervals, is not sufficient to make an original play, although Mr. Burnand apparently thinks that it is. The scenery was good, and the acting, as a whole, indifferent, although Miss Rachel Sanger played her part in an attractive manner. The British importations who took the other characters did not impress us by their finish or excellence.



OFFICE OF "PUCK" 23 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

THE MONSTER MO

UK.



HAYER, MERKEL & OTTMANN, LITH. 23-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

MONOPOLY.

MARRIED MISERIES.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK, BY ARTHUR LOT.

No. XXVIII.—I Deliver a Lecture.

You must know that we had a lyceum in our suburb. What I mean to say is, that you must know, because I propose to tell you about it. I was one of the lyceum committee. We got along very well for a time, but, as usually happens with everything with which I am connected, we met with a terrible misfortune. One evening, two members of the committee came running into my house, with their eyes starting out of their sockets and their several and respective hairs standing on end. [I don't vouch for that statement, but that is the way I have seen the thing put in some of the popular novels.] They handed me a telegram, which came from the gentleman who had been engaged to lecture to us on the following evening, and which informed us that, owing to a broken leg which he had received *via* the Erie railway, he would not be able to preside over our gay festivities, as he had agreed to do. My eyes began to start out of their sockets, and my hair to stand on end, (*vide* aforesaid novels for the proper conduct of eyes and hair on such occasions.)

"What are we to do now?" said I.

"What, indeed?" Mr. Green said, who is of a bilious temperament.

"Do!" exclaimed Mr. White, who is decidedly nervous: "Why, meet the emergency like men, of course."

"We will!" exclaimed I, thinking of Leonidas and Bayard: "Might I ask you how?"

"Of course," said White: "You must fill the lecturer's place."

I quite wilted. It's astonishing how calmly a man will suggest that another shall go to the front. White, at that moment, would have made an excellent freezing powder; he was as cool as the top of an iced cake is after it has been iced. Of course I refused at once; but they attacked me more vigorously, brought Mrs. Lot and Georgie to bear upon me, and I succumbed.

After Green and White had departed, Mrs. Lot and Georgie laughed at my dismay.

"I hope," said Georgie: "that you have at least a vague idea of the method of writing a lecture."

"Certainly," replied I: "a lecture is one of the simplest things in the world to write, after you have discovered the theory on which those articles are prepared."

"Could you explain it to us?" asked Georgie.

"Of course. In the first place, you must select some out-of-the-way subject, which ap-

parently offers no field for remark; second, you must treat your subject in an out-of-the-way manner; third, you must scatter through the lecture scraps of poetry."

"Out-of-the-way poetry?" asked Mrs. Lot.

"Well," responded I: "the poetry must not be too much in the way. Fourth, you must fill in with a few stories, if you can. And now, ladies, if you'll leave me to my own devices, I'll attack my subject."

On the following evening, dressed in full fig, I stepped upon the stage of the hall at which our lectures were usually delivered. There was an immense audience; it had been spread about that I was to appear for that occasion only, and everybody who knew me crowded to the hall. Mrs. Lot, and Georgie, and Blake, and our next-door neighbors, and Miss Hattie, occupied front seats, and I knew that they were waiting for an opportunity to laugh me down. They little knew the grit of the Lots. If every person in the house had sneered at my lecture, I should

have gone on; if everybody had left the house, I should have declaimed to the benches.

After having bowed to the audience, and placed my manuscript on the stand, I freed my cranium of the following remarks:

OLD SHOES.

"Ladies and gentlemen: I don't want you to imagine for a moment that I propose to deliver a funny lecture. Nothing of the sort! I am a very sedate individual, and belong to a serious family. The only joke ever made by any of my ancestors was a practical one, played by the old gentleman on a rambunctious bull, and it resulted in the death of my grandfather. Let us, however, pass from that harrowing reflec-

DIFFERENT KINDS OF SQUATTERS.



THE SQUALID SQUATTERS ARE REMOVED.



THE SOLID SQUATTERS REMAIN.



tion to our present subject. Old shoes are very serious matters, at least to those who haven't got new ones; and through the minds of those who have just purchased shoes, even as they admire their feet-coverings, there will dart the thought that their choice specimens of cobbler's work will eventually grow old, and, finally—alas, that it must be so!—be patched.

"In treating this subject, I shall select three main heads or divisions: 1st. How shoes get old; 2nd. What they are when they become old; and 3d. What becomes of them after they have grown old.

"First, How shoes get old. In the olden times, long ere even the fairies were created, you might have seen—had you been in existence—far off in the Eastern land, a gorgeous garden. There trees and plants, herbs and flowers, vegetables and fruits, grew in boundless profusion. Dream of the most gorgeous landscape your eye ever rested upon, of the fairest sky that ever canopied you, of the glorious air of Italy, of the sunny fields of France; blend all these in one fair picture, and then dream that the whole scene is

'Still as a slave before his lord,'

yet that

'The birds and streams, with liquid lull,
Will make the stillness beautiful,'

and you will have a faint realization of that far-famed spot, the Garden of Eden." [I flatter myself that the foregoing is a flight into the realms of hifalutin which would overcome most lecturers; but I was not in the least exhausted, as you will perceive.] "And yet, amid all this loveliness and beauty, there might have been seen, wandering over the turf whence the sun had scarce chased the

'Pearly drops of morning dew,

two poor, frail, mortal creatures, barefooted and—*horresco referens*—barelegged.

"Unwilling to leave well enough alone, the fairest of the fair stood upon her dainty rose-tinted toes and plucked an apple. The pair dined heartily on it, and, wonder of wonders! they knew too much. Eve looked at herself and Adam looked at himself, and they discovered that they were—barefooted. Immediately they went to work and constructed clothes after the most approved Parisian fashion. Eve did her hair up in a waterfall, and cried because there was no shop in which she could buy curls. Adam parted his hair down the middle, just for all the world like some first-class modern swell, and—they were driven out of Eden. The roads outside of the garden had been built by some contractor, and, therefore, as they were parading around the outskirts of Eden, thinking of the many happy days which they had spent within its bounds, Eve placed her dainty foot on a sharp stone, and instantly bawled. Adam, as in duty bound, consoled with her, and set his wits to work to find a preventive. The miraculous thought entered his mind that he'd make her a pair of shoes, and he at once carried out his thought. Hear it, ye shoemakers, Adam was your prototype! Ye winds of morning, whisper quietly in the ears of American shoemakers, waft gently over the broad Atlantic to the Crispino of Spain, the cobbler of England, and the Crispin of France, the glad tidings that Adam, not Crispin, is their patron saint!

"To tell you of the various changes that have happened to shoes—how they were sometimes short and sometimes long, sometimes broad and sometimes narrow; how King Henry liked to have the toes turned up, and how King John wanted them to turn down—would be an endless task; so I will pass at once to a consideration of how shoes become old. Did you ever, my dear sir, as you sat in your easy-chair, smoking your cheroot, puffing the light, curly smoke from your lips, forming an atmosphere

around you which, fast as formed, you peopled with fairies and gnomes, nymphs and fairies, angels and demons—Did you ever, my fair lady, as you sat dreaming over your work, of the joys yet to come, of a boundless future filled with happiness—think of the countless suffering thousands who surround you? Would you know how shoes become old? Ask them! Ask that little child, wandering around through the bleak December days with a torn shawl and tattered shoes, begging for bread. She can tell you how shoes become old. [That is what I call a touch of the romantic sentimental.]

"Being desirous of giving you all possible information, I took an opportunity, while preparing this lecture, to ask a poor old beggar how shoes become old.

"'Shure, an' if your honor will give me a pair, I'll wear them out for you in a fortnight,' replied he.

"I declined his liberal offer, because that would have been illustrating the lecture, and the committee did not bargain for any practical illustrations. Besides, Mr. Fowler used to say that benevolence was by no means the largest organ in my head, though it had a great many stops, and he was accustomed to add that it could stand considerable development. By the way, if a phrenologist can tell, by examining the crust of the brain, what kind of a mind a man possesses, why can't some bright genius tell, by examining your shoes, what is the condition of your pocket-book?

"To an observing mind—one of the Paul Pry sort, who hopes he doesn't intrude, and yet is constantly getting his nose pinched in somebody's door—old shoes tell a wonderful story. He reads in them the condition of the wearer; he knows, whatever you may say, that the pocket-book of their owner is not plethoric; that the poor wearer is watching, with dismay, the gradually increasing hole in the side of his shoe; is looking dolefully at his stocking, as it slowly creeps out of the toe of his foot-covering, and is vainly muttering those famous expressions of Cicero:

'O shoemaker! O prices!'

or those wondrous words of the Hindoo poet:

'Why thus do you bereave me,
Why thus do you deceive me,
Why thus do you leave me,
Day after day?'

"In concluding this, the first branch of my subject, I will tell you in perfect confidence—and I do hope that the ladies here present will not exercise that fatal gift which has been bestowed on them, and spread this secret all over town—that shoes become old by being worn out.

"Second: What shoes are when they are old. This is the part of our subject which is most difficult to deal with, because it comes home to every one of us. When shoes are old, they are shabby; they are not fit articles for a person to wear to a full-dress party, or to a lecture on adipose tissue, or to church, or to work.

"They say that, if your shoes and your hat present a respectable appearance, they stamp you, in the estimation of other people, a gentleman; but, alas! the poor unfortunate who has old shoes on his feet wanders through the world disconsolately, having 'no one to love.' He is not stamped a gentleman, and he dare not stamp his foot like a gentleman, because he fears that then his shoes will burst into a thousand pieces, and leave 'not a wreck behind.'

"To married men especially this branch of our subject appeals. Do you not, my dear Mr. Caudle, remember how often, when you have snugly ensconced yourself between the blankets, and, thinking that you heard Mrs. C.'s melodious snore break, oh, so gently! on the surrounding atmosphere, have allowed yourself to dream of the happiness you might have had if you had

only married Miss Perrywinkle instead of your present bosom companion, you have had your train of ideas suddenly broken by the melodious, yet sonorous notes of Mrs. C.'s natural voice, as she bawled in your ear:

"'Well, Mr. Caudle, it's very fine for you to allow your children to go around with old shoes, all patches and holes. Oh, I know you don't care! It's nothing if Araminta Maria is compelled to take her shoe off when she reaches her school, and pour out the water which has leaked in at her toe. It's nothing, so long as your shoes are in good order, whether your wife and children go with tattered, ragged shoes or not. And then the meanness you displayed when you told me that your shoes cost about eight dollars, when they cost eighteen. Oh, I saw the bill, Mr. Caudle, so you needn't deny it. I'm too smart for you? Of course I am. That's another of your mean tricks, endeavoring to change the subject. Maria Jane has but one pair of shoes, and that is an old pair, and she shall have new ones. Why don't I get them? Why don't you give me the money? Why don't I take it? Do you want your wife to become a thief or a burglar? Oh, you laugh, do you? It's very funny that your children should wear old shoes, the little dears.'

"And then follows a torrent of tears. You fall asleep, and dream that a legion of old shoes has invaded your bedroom, is surrounding you, and piled all over you; that one is vainly endeavoring to crawl down your throat, while another is trying to crawl up your nostrils, and wake up and find your wife's old gaiters lying at the bed-foot. Alas, the miseries of wedded joy!

"Shoes, when they are old, are signs of character. The careful person wears his shoes so that, like the deacon's one-horse chaise, they fall to pieces all at once. Besides, old shoes detract from the respectability of one's personal appearance. You remember how Jeanie Deans carried her shoes in her hand when she traveled to London to solicit the pardon of her sister, in order that she might present a respectable appearance before the great folk. When Charles the Second was traveling, a king without a throne, he met a peasant.

"'Why don't you take your hat off to his majesty?' asked one of the attendants.

"'An' is it the king?' asked the peasant, glancing at the monarch's shoes: 'An' has his majesty left his best shoes at home?'

"Old shoes, furthermore, are sometimes the means of distinguishing individuals. Some people are known by their dilapidated feet-coverings. As Macaulay sang of an old Roman hero:

'I know the purple vestment,
I know the purple flame;
Thus ever rides Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name,'

so some modern poet might say of one of the persons just referred to:

'I know the well-worn shoes,
I know them by the patch;
Thus ever tramps poor Tomkins,
With coat and hat to match.'

"I recollect how, in a Western city, a dramatic company, which had been billed for the 'Merchant of Venice,' lost its *Shylock* by accident. The manager, however, found a substitute in an old actor who had turned cobbler. *Portia* delivered her charming address concerning mercy, and waited for the impromptu *Shylock* to come in with his part; but that gentleman had been so impressed with her words that he exclaimed:

"'Oh, never mind the flesh and blood; I'll take it out in old shoes.'

"Shoes, when they become old, are really disgraceful. The wearer ought to be ashamed of them, unless he happen to be like the man who, when told that he ought to be ashamed of

himself, said that he didn't care a darn if he was ashamed.

"Third: What becomes of old shoes? This division of the subject is extremely commonplace and matter-of-fact.

"I once heard a young lady thus apostrophize her new shoe:

'Lay it down tenderly,
Treat it with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair!'

But, alas! that same shoe, in a very brief time, found its resting-place in the gutter, and the thought struck me that it was

'One more unfortunate
* * *
Gone to its doom.'

"One of the poets of former days, speaking of old shoes, said:

'Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light.'

"There is nothing I enjoy so much as the sight of a shoemaker wearing shoes that will persist in bursting. It produces the same sort of happiness as that which Shakspeare says is raised in one's breast when one sees an engineer 'hoist with his own petard.'

"When shoes become so old that decent people will not wear them any longer, they adorn that *omnium gatherum*, the street. Then come along the gutter-ghouls, and, with hook and basket, gather them up for future use. The least dilapidated of them deck the feet of those children of the street; the balance serve other purposes. Some of the cast-offs, however, are in such a condition when they reach the street, that even the rag-pickers will not touch them. I have seen the ghouls of the gutter often turn up their noses at defunct gaiters.

"The most of the shoes which the rag-pickers do gather are ground up and made into shoddy leather. Perhaps, my fair lady, the shoes that you now wear were once the cow-hide boots of some cattle-drover. You think they are calf-skin. Pshaw! they may be shoddy for all that. You oftentimes think that you are wearing the delicate skin of the kid upon your dainty fingers, when in reality your hands are covered with the cuticle of some Paris sewer-rat. I have heard that old shoes are sometimes ground up and metamorphosed into paper. I do not, however, vouch for that statement. If, however, it be true, the very paper from which I am reading may once have adorned the understandings of some itinerant peddler of clocks and wooden oats.

"I do not see that anything can be gained by pursuing this branch of the subject any further. You all know what you do with your old shoes, and I must say that I do not know that you can do better than embalm them in mud for the benefit of the gutter-ghouls.

"Now I must say that all this discussion leads to but one conclusion—that it is the duty of every one who has old shoes to have in his heart an aspiration for new ones. Perhaps he may not succeed in realizing his desires, but it is a good thing to aim upward. Phaeton, you know, tried to drive the chariot of the sun, and, though he did not succeed,

'Yet it was much so nobly to aspire.'

"What sort of an appearance would Hippomenes have made in that mad race, where he ran not only for life, but for Atalanta, if his shoes had been dilapidated? How could he have hoped, with worn-out shoes, to hold his own with her, whose running was akin to that of the 'fleet-footed coursers of the sun'? How would a young man with worn shoes accord with those places where he is most seen—

'The gay parterre, the checker'd shade,
The morning bower, the evening colonnade?'

Would you deck your loved one with
'Pale, glistening pearls and rainbow-colored gems,'
and then place shabby shoes on her feet?

"If your shoes are in good order, we can pardon you; if you fear that they will become old, can

'Forgive, if somewhere you forget
In woe to come the present bliss,'

and e'en think kindly of you, if you mutter to your shoes:

'And curst be the cause that shall part us,
The hour and the moment of time.'

If, on the other hand, your shoes are old, and you are sure that it will be impossible for you to obtain new ones, then remember

'There yawns the sack, and yonder rolls the sea.'

My advice to you would be to take off your old shoes, go barefooted, address them thus:

'God help thee, then,
I'll see thy face no more;
Like water spilled upon the plain,
Not to be gathered up again,
Is the old love I bore;'

then take your old shoes to some grassy field, bury them under some green sod, and write over them this epitaph:

'*Hic jacet* my old shoes,
In life they were a torment
Day and night; in death
They were not divided.
Resurgant.'"

Of course you will understand that the foregoing is not the whole of the lecture. I have omitted all the dry details with which I crammed it, and have given you only what seemed to me to be the cream of it.

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PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1882 is out. It is composed of 126 pages of original fun of the best kind, and many laughable pictures in PUCK's best style. There are many new and startling historical facts presented never before published. We learn that Sara Bernhardt fell through a knot-hole on the stage of the Comédie Française in 1872; that Talmage made his first tour with Murray's circus in 1860; that the Sweet Singer of Michigan was born in 1835; that bathing was invented by Julius Caesar; that Mary had her little lamb B. C. 72; that John Smith was wounded at the battle of Bull Run; that on Friday, June 16th, Talmage joined Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth as the jumping gymnast of Jerusalem; that three days

after the Sultan bought a type-writer for the use of the harem; that July 31st, 1876, Neal Dow took a beer and put in a plea of insanity; that Susan B. Anthony was born Aug. 10th, 1484; that David Davis was once exhibited as the living skeleton, and that S. J. Tilden has sworn off getting engaged. These are only items picked up here and there in the ANNUAL. The longer stories and sketches are admirable.—*Rochester Express.*

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1882 is immense. The infant prodigy, PUCK, seated astride a resplendent comet, with hat waving in the eternal space, is seen on the cover. Our mundane sphere, in dense blackness, is shown in crescent curve almost at his feet. A slight tinge of the pale moon is noticeable on the right, while the stars above are merrily twinkling, in anticipation of the coming of the new year and the advent of PUCK on earth:

'Tis morning now; let's spread the curtain wide,
And scan the contents of our PUCK's inside.

Passing the delightful horoscope, which is a comprehensive prophesy of coming events, in which it is predicted that November will be full of prodigious evils, such as famines, church-fairs, pestilence, plumbers' ten-dollar operas, failures of the onion crop, etc., etc., we come to a suggestive almanac. Here are warnings, advice and chronology carefully arranged, and instructive alike to man and beast. Victor Hugo, William M. Ev-rt's, Lawn-Tennyson, Oscar Wilde, Robert G. Ingers-I, Bismarck and numerous other magazine writers contribute strong efforts. Poems, reminiscences, sketches, short and long, happy illustrations, wit, celestial and local, and other joyous joy, blends the ANNUAL into one grand overshoe or overture.

PUCK is as essential to humanity as any book of morals, prose or poems, and we feel that it will be welcome.

'Where balmily garlic scents the air,'
Or e'en in "Home, Sweet Home,"
Its wit will soothe all human care,
Where'er on earth you roam.

PUCK'S ANNUAL is neatly bound in paper covers, has 126 pages, and is sold at all the news-stands in the city for 25 cents a copy.—*Boston Times.*

***** PUCK'S ANNUAL, like "Mr. Finney's turnip," has done nothing but grow. ***** Mr. R. K. Munkit-trick has allowed his humor to shine at its very brightest in these popular papers. ***** Whoever wrote PUCK's horoscope and the travesties on the months did them just as they ought to be done. But on inspecting this mirthful annual closely, we perceive that some articles are anonymous, some have appended to them Arthur Penn, John Vallentine Rogers, R. N., A. E. Watrous, Ed. L. Adams, W., John Smith's Son, Bird's-eye, Tricotrin, Edward Wick, H. C. Dodge, Harry Kafoozleum, Abe Aurd-er, G. H. Jessup, Alcibiades Zero, Julia K. Wetherill, Thomas S. Collier, John Greenleaf Smith, and other writers well known to the nation. ***** As a whole, the ANNUAL reflects infinite credit on everybody concerned with it—even those who read it.—*N. Y. Evening Telegram.*

PUCK, airy, inimitable PUCK, presents his readers and observers with a rich, racy, rollicking almanac for 1882. It is sparkingly original and side-splitting from beginning to end. From title-page to finis, there is a laugh in every leaf, and a smile in each illustration. The funniest of all the contributions are the excellent travesties of Oscar Wilde, "Sweet Singer of Michigan," Colonel Ingersoll, Judge Black, Bismarck, John G. Whittier, John Kelly, etc., etc. If you wish real fun and hearty laughter, procure PUCK'S ANNUAL as soon as possible, and read it to your wife and family, that they, too, may enjoy it.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Have you seen PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1882? It is the best of the series of comic almanacs yet issued by Kepp-ler & Schwarzmann.—*New York News.*

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'Tis a jolly day from East to West,
For children thrive, and mothers rest,
The darling girls all named Victoria,
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A DILETTANTE.

Can you recall an ode in June,
Or lines to any river,
In which you do not meet "the moon,"
And see "the moonbeams quiver"?
I've heard such songs to many a tune,
But never yet—no, niver—
Have I escaped that rhyme to "June,"
Or missed that rhyme to "river."
At times the bard from his refrain
A moment's respite snatches,
The while his over-cudged brain
At some new jingle catches;
Yet long from the unlucky moon
Himself he cannot sever,
But grasps once more that rhyme to "June,"
And seeks a rhyme to "river."
Then let not indolence be blamed
On him whose verses show it,
By shunning "burdens" (rightly named
For reader and for poet);
For rhymes must fail him late or soon,
Nor can he deal forever
In words whose sound resembles "June,"
And assonants of "river."
When "loon" 's been used, and "shoon"
and "spoon,"
And "stiver" sounded "stivver,"
Think of a bard reduced to "coon,"
And left alone with "liver"!
Ah, then, how blessed were the boon,
How doubly blessed the giver,
Who gave him one rhyme more for "June,"
And one more rhyme for "river!"
—Time.

ANGELINA—"I have been to hear Rev. Mr.
Mistigush. He gave us a beautiful sermon. He
is a very learned man, you know." Frank—
"What makes you think so, dear?" Angelina—
"Oh, I know he must be, Frank; I couldn't
understand at all what he was talking about.
But it was a beautiful sermon."—*Boston Tran-
script.*

A BOSTONIAN has discovered that the cir-
cular saw was first introduced into this country
about the year 1817; but the year in which a
man first placed his hand on a rapidly revol-
ving buzz-saw to learn if it was moving, still re-
mains in doubt. — *Norristown Herald.*

"Live within your income," shouts the phil-
anthropist. That's easy enough, old boy; it
isn't living within one that bothers a fellow half
as much as living without one.—*Elmira Tele-
gram.*

THE quickest way to take a census of the
small boys employed in offices and business
establishments in Boston is to publish an attrac-
tive calendar.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

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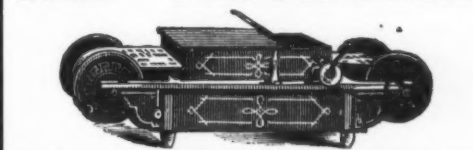


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THE HATTER'S
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EIGHT o'clock. The moorlands are black and dreary, but across them comes with light step a young man, whose high collar and thimble hat tell that he is from the West side. He ascends the front steps of Castle Corcoran, and rings the bell. In a moment the door is opened, and Clytie is in his arms.

"You have come at last, my sweet," she says, putting up her pure, *ingenue* face to be kissed.

"Yes, sis, I am here," responds Rupert Gilhooley, pressing the wine-red lips to his.

"And did you bring the *matinée* tickets?" she asks, a look of haunting fear creeping into the deep brown eyes, still illumined by the tender radiance of a perfect love.

"You bet I did," replies the man: "First row in the parquet circle."

"Rupert," says the girl, looking at him earnestly: "I shall never weaken on you again."
—Chicago Tribune.

If the report of Secretary Lincoln is carried out, and the army is increased to thirty thousand men, Mr. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, will emigrate to some benighted country where the standing army consists of a camel and two old women.—Norristown Herald.

WHEN you find a man who always hits the street car at the crossing, never leaves his gloves behind, and who has every icy corner jotted down in his memory, don't tackle him with a conundrum or ask him to listen to the latest joke.—Detroit Free Press.

NOWADAYS, when a man wants absolute seclusion, he hires a hall and puts out a sign that a walking-match is in progress inside. Times have changed.—Boston Post.

A VERMONT couple have married after a courtship of twelve years, during which the bride's father has put seven sets of hinges on the front gate.—Boston Post.

EVERY man, at some period of his life, feels a desire to travel round the world like King Calicohooligan, and lay in a stock of broky-bricks and furrin meershams.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

THE cork-tree grows well in Georgia, but we believe the bottle-tree is more indigenous to Kentucky.—Commercial Advertiser.

In the matter of disordered nerves, Boston girls suffer no more than those of other cities. There are painful sensibilities that nothing can cure so thoroughly as Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills, and every nervous girl should use them.

THOS. BAILEY Plumber and Practical Sanitary Engineer,
10th Avenue, cor. 151st St., N. Y.

201 Flags (of all nations), Yacht, Pilot and Commercial Signals, printed in brilliant colors, in sets, for Card and Stamp Collectors, sent on receipt of 60 cents. Address, C. TOLLNER, Classon Av., Brooklyn, N. Y. Bound in Cloth and Gold, \$1.00.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

Just Out:

PUCK'S ANNUAL

Price, 25 Cents.

ENGLISH HATS,
"Martin's" Umbrellas.
"DENTS" GLOVES.
Foreign Novelties.
QUALITY — THE BEST!!

DECKER
BROTHERS'
PIANOS,
33 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.

Shaving Made Easy!
"VROOM & FOWLEE'S" SHAVING SOAP gives a quick, soft, lasting lather. Sent by mail on receipt of twenty cents. C. H. Rutherford, 26 Liberty St., N. Y. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.



COLUMBIA BICYCLE.

It is what every boy wants, and what every man ought to have. Send 3-cent stamp for catalogue and price-list to

THE POPE MFG CO.,
575 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

THE BIGGEST THING OUT Illustrated Book. Sent Free. E. NASON & CO., 111 Nassau St., N. Y.

30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE

We send free on 30 days' trial Dr. Dye's Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances to those suffering from Nervous Debility and Kindred Troubles. Also for Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Troubles, and many other diseases. Speedy cures guaranteed. Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address

VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of all
STOMACH BITTERS,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.
To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.
78 John Street, New York.

CHAMPLIN'S
LIQUID PEARL.

Some of its Leading Excellences:

A fragrant and exquisite cosmetic.
Beautifying, and benefits the complexion.
Not injurious to the most sensitive skin.
A most reliable article for the toilet.

Sold by all druggists. 50 cents per bottle. Beware of imitations.

CHAMPLIN & CO., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Print Your Own Cards, Labels, &c.
Presses \$3, Larger size \$3.

13 other sizes. For business, pleasure, old or young. Everything easy by printed instructions. Send two stamps for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards, &c., to the factory.
Kelsey & Co., Meriden, Conn.

ESTERBROOK'S PENS.
ALL THE POPULAR STYLES.

AMERICAN
Star Soft Capsules.



CHEAPEST, QUICKEST, SUREST, BEST AND MOST RELIABLE SOFT CAPSULES.

GENUINE ONLY IN
Metallic Boxes, Star Stamped on Cover, with Blue Wrapper with Star Monogram.

Victor E. Mauger & Petrie,
110 Reade Street, New York.

TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two of three hours. For particulars address with stamp to
H. EICKHORN No. 6 St. Marks Place, New York.

M. METZ,
STEAM PAMPHLET & BOOK BINDER,
No. 51 BEEKMAN STREET.

The Sun.

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1882.

THE SUN for 1881 consumed four million one hundred and ninety-four thousand three hundred and ninety-one (4,194,391) pounds of printing paper in its Daily, Sunday, and Weekly editions.

This is equal to sixty million seven hundred and seventy-two thousand six hundred and seventy-seven (60,772,677) copies of the daily size.

The actual circulation for the past year was:

Daily, - - - - - 39,701,161
 Sunday, - - - - - 7,037,604
 Weekly, - - - - - 3,498,154

This gives for each day in the year the following average:

Copies of the Daily edition, - - - 126,841
 Copies of the Sunday edition, - - - 135,339
 Copies of the Weekly edition, - - - 67,273

THE SUN has advertising space to sell. In the Daily and Sunday editions its price for ordinary advertisements is 40 cents per agate line. Preferred positions and displayed matter from 50 cents to \$2.50 per line. In the Weekly 50 cents an agate line of space; no extra charge for display. Preferred positions 75 cents to \$2 per line.

At this price advertising in the several editions of THE SUN is cheaper than its publisher has ever been able to obtain in any other medium, and he has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in making known THE SUN, and the advantages it offers to the business community.

THE SUN is published every day in the year at Nos. 166, 168 and 170 Nassau St., New York City.

I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher.

AN IRON RAM, for naval warfare, that has been built in New Jersey, was run into by a canal-boat and sunk in the Hudson, a few days since. This is humiliating to us as a nation, and we are sorry the affair got into the papers, as, if we ever get into a fight with foreign nations, they will buy up a lot of old canal-boats and sink every iron-clad ram that we can launch. There should be a law against canal-boats running at large and attacking iron-clads. What this country wants is an India-rubber navy, that will bound back when it strikes a canal-boat.—*Peck's Sun*.

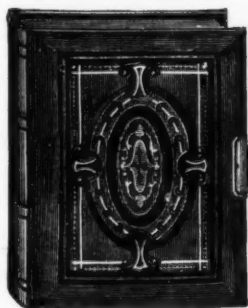
"THAT pictur," remarked Mr. Goldbug: "has got the finest camera-obscura I ever saw." "Jim," remarked his old friend and fellow-citizen from Pumpville, with a look of intense pride: "sens you got to be a millionaire your culture's jest wonderful!"—*New York Commercial*.

THE wife of the new Chinese Minister has such small feet that she cannot go about unsupported. American girls may not have such small feet, but they display as much enterprise as the Chinese women in getting husbands to support them.—*Lowell Courier*.

AT A debating society, the other evening, two members wrangled as to who had the floor. In a few minutes both had it by turns, with the chairman as referee.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

BOLOGNA is the link that unites man with the brute.—*Marathon Independent*.

Write to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, No. 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets relative to the curative properties of her Vegetable Compound.

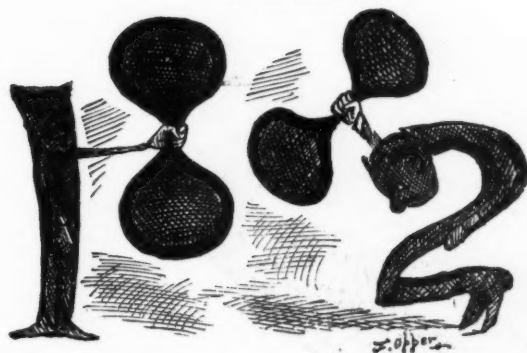


THIS MAGNIFICENT PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM FREE TO YOU!

The accompanying illustration represents, upon a very small scale, an elegant Imported Photograph Album, holding 26 pictures, handsomely bound in imitation Morocco leather, with elaborate gilt stamping and handsome gilt clasp. It is a heavy, rich and elegant book, having not the slightest appearance of cheapness about it, and will prove a beautiful and valuable adornment to the parlor table of any home. We now propose to make an Absolute Free Gift of one of these elegant Photograph Albums to every one who desires to possess it. We propose, in order to extend the circulation of our large and valuable paper, THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH, and introduce it into thousands of new homes, to give a Photograph Album FREE to every SIX MONTHS' TRIAL SUBSCRIBER. Read our great offer: Upon receipt of Only 50 Cents in postage stamps, we will send The Cricket on the Hearth for Six Months, and to every subscriber we will send one of these Elegant Photograph Albums Free. THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH is a large and handsome 16-page, 64-column paper, elegantly printed and profusely illustrated. Each number contains Serial and Short Stories, Sketches and Poems; many illustrated descriptive articles, very instructive: Household Recipes; Farm and Garden Notes; Stories, Puzzles and Games for the Young; Wit and Humor, etc. By taking advantage of this great offer you can secure this large and charming paper for six months and our beautiful Album, all for 50 cents, which is the regular price of a six-months' subscription—hence the Album is an Absolute Free Gift! Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. As to our reliability, we refer to any publisher in New York, also to the Commercial Agencies. Send at once and get the greatest bargain of the age. Address, S. H. MOORE, Publisher, No. 5 Park Place, N. Y.

PUCK'S ANNUAL

FOR



Price Twenty-five Cents.

NICOLL The Tailor,

620 BROADWAY,
 And Nos. 139 to 151 Bowery, New York.

Pants to order..... \$4 to \$10.
 Suits to order..... \$15 to \$40.

Winter Overcoats, from \$15 up.
 Samples with instructions for SELF-MEASUREMENT sent free to very part of the United States. Branch stores in all principal cities.

First Prize Medal,
 Vienna, 1873.



C. WEIS,

Manufacturer of

Meerschmied Pipes,

SMOKERS' ARTICLES, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail. Repairing done. Circular free.

390 Broadway, New York.

Factories: No. 69 Walker Street and Vienna.

\$88 A week to Agents. \$10 Outfit Free.
 RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

"JULY AND JANUARY."

An Interesting Letter Written by One Friend to Another.

By ERNEST HARVIER.

A Complete Story. Published in FICTION No. XXII.

"FICTION."

A Weekly Story-Paper Containing Only Original Stories.

"Clear, Wholesome, Pure and Clever."

Drum Writing

USEFUL FOR EVERYBODY

BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS & PENS

Sold for \$1.50 at all Stationers, or
 KEUFFEL & ESSER, 127 Fulton St., N. Y.
 Importers of Drawing Materials.

WITH FIVE DOLLARS

YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE

5 per cent. Imp. Austrian 100fl.

GOVERNMENT BOND

Issue of 1860.

These bonds are guaranteed by the Imperial Government of Austria, and bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually.

They are redeemed in two drawings annually, in which 100 large premiums of

60,000, 10,000, 5,000,

etc., florins are drawn.

Every Austrian 5 per cent. 100 florin bond, which does not draw one of the larger premiums, must be redeemed with at least

120 Florins,

as there are no blanks, and every bond must draw something.

The next drawing takes place on the

1st of FEBRUARY, 1882,

and every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of February is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that day. Country orders sent in Registered Letters and inclosing \$5. will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing.

For orders, circulars, or any other information, address,

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,

No. 150 Broadway, New York.

[ESTABLISHED IN 1874.]

N.B.—In writing, please state that you saw this in the English PUCK.

"NOT for a day, but for all Time."
 The sale of "The Nine Letter Puzzle."

\$777 a Year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address,
 P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

IMPERIAL GERMAN MAIL
 North German Lloyd
 STEAMSHIP LINE between
 New York, Southampton & Bremen
 Sailing every Saturday.

Company's Pier, foot of Second Street, Hoboken.
 MAIN, Saturday, Jan. 28th. DONAU, Saturday, Feb. 11th
 ODEK, Saturday, Feb. 4th. RHEIN, Saturday, Feb. 18th.

Rates of passage from NEW YORK to SOUTHAMPTON,
 HAVRE, or BREMEN:

First Cabin, \$100; Second Cabin, \$60; Steerage, \$30.

Return tickets at reduced rates. Prepaid Steerage Certificates, \$25.

OELRICHS & CO., General Agents, No. 2 Bowling Green.



THE CARRION CROW IN THE EAGLE'S NEST.